

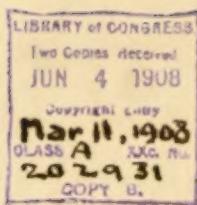
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FOREWORD

In Riverside, in California, in the lovely valley of the Santa Ana, there is an Hotel whose praise is in many travelers' mouths, & whose guests return from near & far, year by year, with gladness that its welcome still holds.

A generation ago, when Riverside was but a name, Judge Miller built of the red clay of the plain the "Old Adobe" & opened the "Glenwood Tavern". There he & his children after him have taught many guests to say "Take mine ease in mine Inn" - after such pleasant fashion as Old Jack Falstaff did never dream - Ease is hard to find in these hurried noisy times, & we do not much expect it in great inns: so when one is found where comfort is joined to hospitality, & to these restful quietude; where conveniences of a town are at the door, but with its clamours softened by wide lawns; where great trees do grow & birds sing; whose guests are guests in truth & not for gain only; it may not be otherwise than well beloved of travelers -

But not alone for its hospitality, its restfulness, its old time architecture is the Glenwood Known. Of whatever has made for the betterment of Riverside, whether of social or civic life, this Inn has been the center. Mine Host of the Inn, Frank Miller, has had no small part in making his town one of the best anywhere. The building of highways, of public buildings & of schools; the planting of trees, the making of parks, - have been with him a life occupation; now, in his prime, love for old California ways has so found expression in his Inn, that as has been truly said, "the State of California is in his debt for adding so much to its assets" - The Mission Inn is making history: therefore I have thought it not unfitting to link it in story with the old time mission days which have been its inspiration.

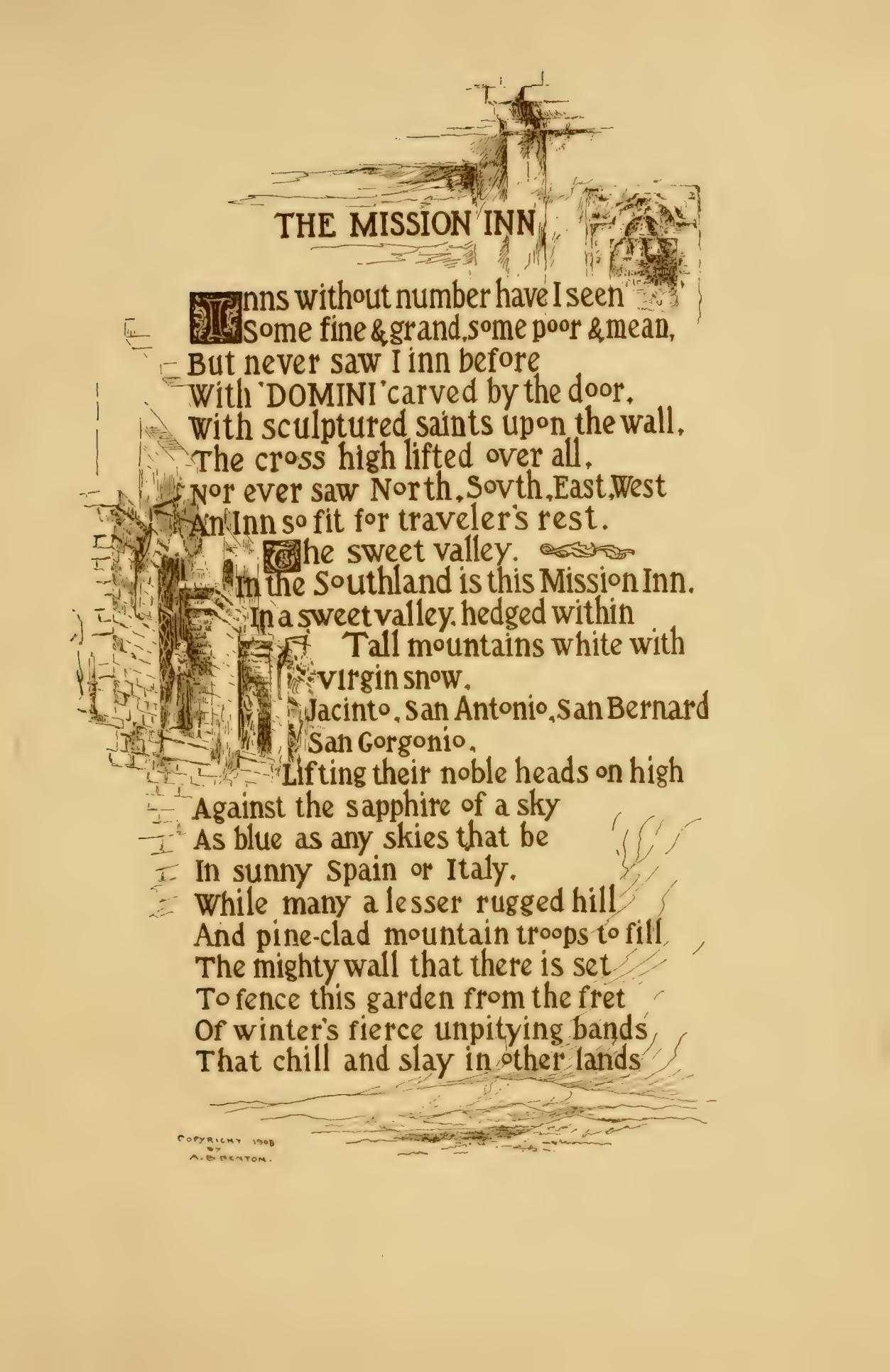
*Arthur & Burnett Benton
Los Angeles 1908.*

To the setting forth of this tale in print & drawings William Sharp has brought skill of pencil & rare appreciation of beauty, of tree as of mountain, & of buildings both old & new; also of the ancient art of illuminating MSS.

Upwards of two hundred sketches has he made, of which I will mention those only which might otherwise miss of full comprehension. The Inn, the Mission & all else are shown as they are, or were, or well might have been.

The title page depicts the Inn's portal, campanile & tower of chimes. On page one is shown the tablet by the door, & statues of the refectory. The mountains there named are very great; all above ten thousand feet; San Gorgonio being near to twelve. San Jacinto has most abrupt uplift of all our mountains & it is there Tauquist, legendary Indian earthquake demon, dwells. Rubidoux Hill has the cross to Fra-Junipera Serra, founder of the Missions, consecrated by Thomas Conaty, Bishop of Monterey & Los Angeles. 1907; there is the automobile road which in the same year Henry Huntington & other men of public spirit builded. Mission San Juan Capistrano at prime, is from the painting Judge Richard Egan has; St. Francis of Assisi from a master; the Font as it now is; the kitchen & Fra-Serra's adobe church as they are - but shown refurnished; the kneeling people as suggested by a photograph of worshipping Mexicans, by Robert Coleman. The Crucifixion, painted about 1800, now hangs above the altar in the Mission chapel. Like the mission choir loft railing is that of the Inn's gallery, & its window grills follow the pattern of San Fernando. The willow hut is in the Indian fashion. On page 23 are portraits, Mrs. Alice Richardson & Miss Miller, further on Judge Richard Egan of San Juan Capistrano, Mine Host Frank Miller, the architect, Arthur Benton, of Los Angeles; Mrs. Miller & St. Francis of the weather vane; the tower of chimes, Senator Frank P. Flint, Charles M. Loring, David Starr Jordan, Henry E. Huntington, Charles F. Lummis, Albert White & Rev. Edward Goff, oftentimes guests of the Inn; St. Catherine's Well, by the door & last - the tablet wherewith we began.

For he who built the Inn,
They who keep house within,
And guests who rest therein.
Was writ the tale herein.



THE MISSION INN

Inns without number have I seen
Some fine & grand, some poor & mean,
But never saw I inn before
With 'DOMINI' carved by the door,
With sculptured saints upon the wall,
The cross high lifted over all,
Nor ever saw North, Sovth, East, West
An Inn so fit for traveler's rest.

The sweet valley.
In the Southland is this Mission Inn.
In a sweet valley, hedged within

Tall mountains white with
virgin snow.

Jacinto, San Antonio, San Bernard
San Gorgonio,

Lifting their noble heads on high
Against the sapphire of a sky
As blue as any skies that be
In sunny Spain or Italy.

While many a lesser rugged hill
And pine-clad mountain troops to fill
The mighty wall that there is set
To fence this garden from the fret
Of winter's fierce unpitying bands
That chill and slay in other lands

The flowers that wake too soon in spring
Untimely blight the offering
Of grateful fruits that Autumn yields.
Make desolate the verdant fields,
And prisoners fast of young and old
Not strong to dare the biting cold,
But here reigns summer all the year.
No icy chilling blasts come near,
And all the year the flowers blow.
And all the year the glad trees grow
So fast that he who plants may be
Dwelling beneath his vine & tree
Where but short while before he found
Nor tree nor vine but naked ground.
Like Jonah's gourd such
Swift growth seems
The doubtful marvels of his dreams.
Here Mother Nature grows benign
And hard beside the oak & pine
The graceful olive lifts its head,
And fig trees broad leaved branches spread
O'er pomegranates blushing red.
While ruddy oranges
gleam between
Enameled leaves of bronzed green.

When morning skies begin to glow,
Come stand with me on Rubidoux,
Beside the cross that guards the fame
Of Father Serra's honored name;
When the swift sun springs up apace,
Rejoicing as to run a race;
Above Gorgonio's solemn crest,
And throws his beams into the west.
Silvers the Santa Ana's streams,
On Eucamonga darts his beams,
With nimbus crowns Antonio's snow;
When poppy gilded mesas show
Against the mountains robe of brown,
And up the terraced
slopes and down
To the low level of the plain
Creeps tenderly the growing grain;
When over distant hills is rolled
The mustard's wind tossed sea of gold,
While far off ranges purple grow.
What brush could half thy beauties show
O valley lying calm and sweet!
Between the mountains' mighty feet
There lies the town but scarcely seen
So deep embowered in foliage
green, 3

Pepper & palm & gum-wood tall,
Dark cypress rows - a living wall -
And round about on every side,
The orange orchards stretching wide.
The pleasant hill
Now from the distant view
the eye
Returns to seek the scenes near by.
And here the cross that crowns the peak
Of Rubidoux, doth mutely speak
Of him who loved the cross full well,
And sometimes from San Gabriel
To Pala, on the trail below.
Passed on with patient steps & slow.
Nor dreamed that in the coming time
A Bishop with his train would climb
This rugged hill & standing there
With incense, chant and
holy prayer.
And tender eulogy & great
Uplifting words, would
consecrate.
Before the multitude that came.
A monument to his poor name.
Where hangs yon bell, oft to the sky
Of old the signal smoke rose high. 4

From Indian watch fires lit to call
To battle or to council hall.

And from the cave that fronts the west
Poor homesick Tony sad, distressed,
In exile, looked forth mournfully
Toward Capistrano by the sea.

Here Balaam, cropping scanty
yields

Of wild grass, sighed for barley fields;
And following where his master went
Still loudly brayed his discontent.

On steep rough slopes great boulders lie
And pile their bulks against the sky.
Huge, rough & grim; but in their lea
The flowers are shielded tenderly.

There dainty Baby Blue Eyes shine;

There Mariposa lillies fine
Their butterfly like wings unfold,

Beside the poppies cups of gold
The Canterbury bells of blue,

The mimulus of orange hue
Tall larkspurs swinging to & fro,

And luscious cream cups hiding low
Brodiaeas & painted cups are there,

Fierce shooting-stars, the maiden-hair,

And coffee ferns, so many more
Time fails me but to name them o'er.
And through bright flowers
and boulders stern,
With gentle grade & graceful turn,
A perfect road winds up the hill.
'Twas Chittenden whose careful skill
Planned well this broad & pleasant way.
Give him his mead of praise I say!
And Miller, Loring, Huntington,
Pearson, Barton, many a one
Gave brain, brawn, gold until 'twas done.
The road was built & built so well
No stinted words its worth may tell.
But as we linger to us swells
The distant sound of pealing bells
Proclaiming from the
Glenwood's tower
The passing of the breakfast hour.
We mount our car & swiftly glide
Along the mountain's rugged side,
Sweep forward here & double there
As runs the nimble footed hare.
But pause ere yet the
plain is won.
Before the name of Huntington

Set at the parting of the way
Upon a boulder huge & gray.
Then pass the bridge whose arch of stone
Across a deep cut road is thrown,
Until the center of the town
Is gained & there the Mission Inn
By spreading pepper trees shut in.

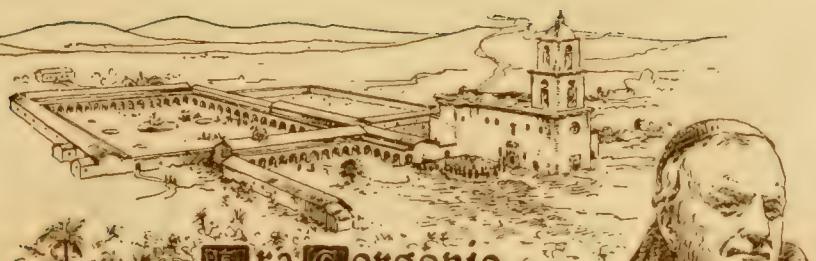
The Inn
A low walled house with
wings stretched wide
About a court whose open side
Is toward the southward & the sun.
Around this spacious court doth run
A vine clad arbor good to see.
Built from the eucalyptus tree,
whose sturdy trunks with palm leaves
crowned
Still wrap their rugged bark around
Beneath the vines in stately row
Great buttressed Roman arches show.
Above, ten score wide casements bright
The sun's free entering invite.
Close to the walls rough stuccoed face
The ivy clings in fond embrace,
And Spanish balconies are there
Fit for the fairest of the fair,

And higher up a parapet
With balustrade, wherein are set
Great pots where flowers
Luxuriant show.
And palms in long perspective grow.
A roof walk backed by sunny rooms,
Deep arches filled with choicest blooms.
Tiled roofs with gables quaint & high.
And one great tower against the sky.
No architectural pomp is here,
But simple forms & lines severe;
Yet o'er the whole is written plain
The subtle art of ancient Spain.
In the fore court, pray mark it well:
For in its walls is built the spell
Gorgonio wrought with his good saint;
Stands an adobe old & quaint.
Above its ancient Mission tile
Great banks of flowers nod & smile;
And thro' its windows low & wide
We see the homely rooms inside.
Madonna pictures on the walls
On which the pleasant firelight falls
From generous hearth - & near we see
A dainty table
set for tea.

The Campanile stands beside
In whose dim arches great bells hide
Down at its base grows columbine
And o'er it climbs an ivy vine,
Beneath a pomegranate's shade
Two squirrels gambol unafraid,
While from a neighboring walnut tree
A parrot scolds them noisily
And on the sweep beside the well
A gorgeous macaw eats his fill.
Note near an orangetree fenced with care,
Twas Roosevelt who set it there
Mother of half the trees that fill
The countless groves on plain & hill
A sundial shows against the flowers
To mark the flight of sunny hours.
A fair seat stands
beside it there
From which I fain would watch
the stair
Which round a pillar quaintly climbs
For sure am I that often times
Adown the steps come daintily
Fair visions that are good
to see.

Back from the bustle of the street,
Entwined in vines & roses sweet,
Look where the hospitable porch
Shows neath the Campanile's arch,
Through which we pass to
reach the door.
The holy cross stands
lifted o'er.
And near the open portal see
A tablet - ANNODOMINI
This house was built; we enter there.
A statue stands beside the stair
Of Father Serra. & on walls
Of parlor, banquet room, & halls
In goodly number, wrot with care.
Behold the good Saints standing there.
And hark! the bells melodiously
Are ringing Laudes Domini!

Never saw I an inn elsewhere
With Saints on guard beside the stair.
Where bells make solemn melody,
And o'er all stands the sacred Tree.
But I have dreamed & now will tell
How so great marvel here befell.



Fra Gorgonio

In the great monastery long ago
So many years the date I do not know,
At San Juan Capistrano by the sea
There dwelt a monk, Gorgonio, & he
Of all within the Mission's cloistered wall
Was best beloved; for his good deeds won all
Hearts to him, and he constantly
Served God & men in all sweet charity;
Nor stopped with these, but like his Order's head,
St. Francis of Assisi, often sped
Into the wild to watch God's creatures there.
The birds & squirrels held him in no fear;
The agile lizards halted by his way,
And the great seals
Disporting in the bay.

Now Daria's Cove, would come upon the land
Leaving their pleasant rocks to feel his hand
Stroke their wet furry heads & hear his voice
In exhortation to them to rejoice
In their lithe strength but Benedicite
Still raise to Him who made them & their sea.
He would admonish quarrelsome crabs to cease
Their constant combats &
to dwell in peace;

And fleet coyotes & wild timid hares
Oft stayed to watch him
As he told his prayers.
This gentle man was neither soft nor weak.
He was a ruddy giant & could speak
When he felt need, the solemn warning word.
So that his hearers trembled as they heard;
Saw the dread terrors
Of the judgment day -
Nor far off from them - & in sore dismay
Would fall upon their quaking knees to pray;
But oftener told of that abounding Grace
That holds Creation in its wide embrace.
The great round world,
The sun, the stars, yea all,
Yet misses not one tiny sparrow's fall.
Gorgonio's strength, like Christopher's of old,
Was used for weak one's burdens; he would hold
Around-eyed Indian babe in one great hand,
When at the holy font he took his stand.
As safely, gently, sweetly as it might
Rest in its mother's bosom warm at night.
Yet he in youth had worn, & not in vain,
A soldier's sword against the
foes of Spain;



And many a fair Castilian maiden's cheek
Had shown its roses as she
heard him speak.

Courageous gentleness! what better art
To find an entrance to a maiden's heart?
Though Holy Church was now his chosen bride,
The soldier's heart within him had not died.

Once on a festal Sunday a mad bull,
Charged fiercely through the patio crowded full
With Indian girls in holiday array,
Young children, choristers & monks. That day

Had death found many, but Gorgonio
Grappling its horns, with mighty thrust did throw
Its neck from joint & thus the brute fell dead:
Then lifting his strong hands toward Heaven, he said,

"Our Father, Thee we glorify & praise,
That Thou dost lengthen still our misspent days.

We thank Thee for this noble beast now still,
And for the strength when it was time to kill."

Thus calms his flock, whose fear & wild distress
Now turned to joy: about him close they press.

And with wet eyes Gorgonio they bless:-
Small wonder he's beloved of all was he

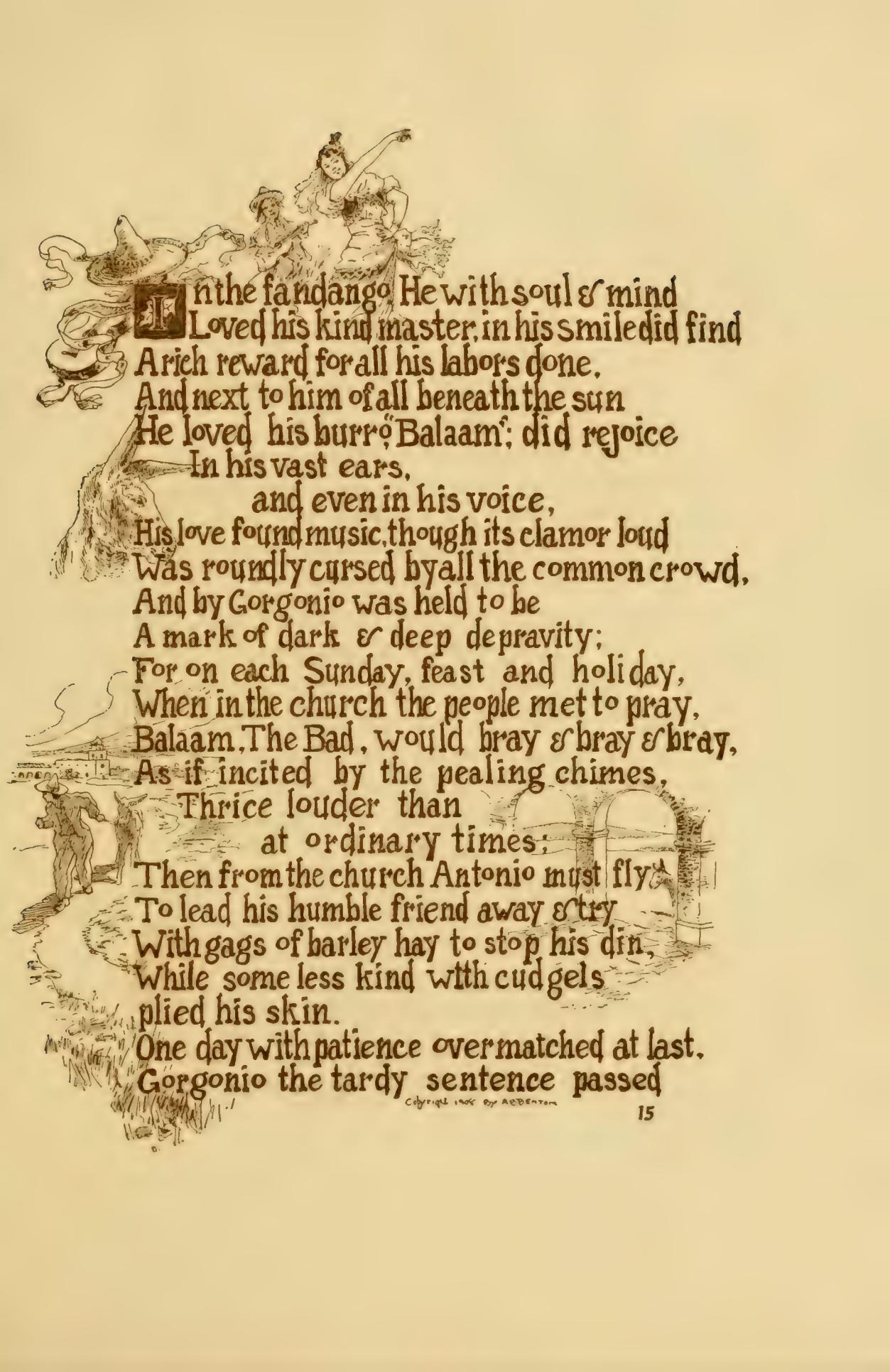
At San Juan Capistrano
by the sea.

The Mission Kitchen

At San Juan Capistrano you may see
A kitchen haunted by the memory
Of mighty roasts of ruddy tender beef,
Of mutton fat almost beyond belief,
Of suckling pig, & sides, & juicy hams,
Of oysters, scallops, lobsters, crabs & clams,
Tame fowl & wild all spitted to a turn,
Concarne in which pepper pods did burn,
Tortillas, frijoles, & all good fish,
That swim the sea-yea every pleasant dish
Of fish or flesh or fowl or bakers arts,
All foods to which the fire grace imparts.
Beneath this vaulted roof have baked & broiled,
Have roasted, stewed or fried or steamed or boiled,
And the great latticed chimney could repeat
A most entrancing tale of things to eat.

Tony the Cook

Here many monkish cooks have wrot with skill,
But best of all Antonio, who did fill
The post of cook to Fra Gorgonio,-
An Indian convert of ten years or so,
All mysteries of cooking he did know.
Was short & round of body, light of heart,
Could play & sing & more than dance his part



In the fandango He with soul & mind
Loved his kind master, in his smile did find
A rich reward for all his labors done.
And next to him of all beneath the sun
He loved his burro "Balaam" did rejoice
In his vast ears.

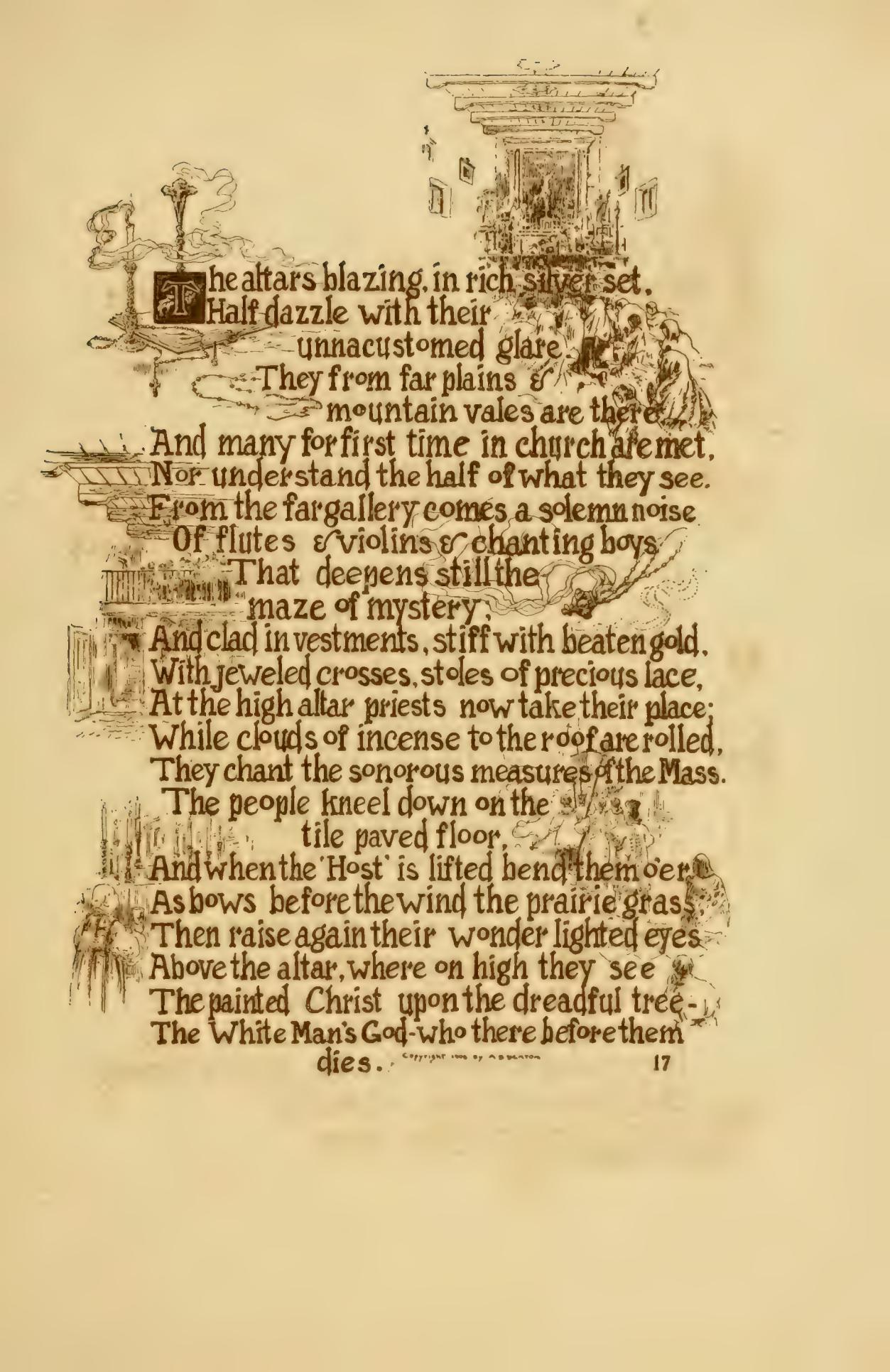
and even in his voice,
His love found music, though its clamor loud
Was roundly cursed by all the common crowd,
And by Gorgonio was held to be
A mark of dark & deep depravity;
For on each Sunday, feast and holiday,
When in the church the people met to pray,
Balaam, The Bad, would bray & bray & bray,
As if incited by the pealing chimes,
Thrice louder than
at ordinary times;
Then from the church Antonio must fly
To lead his humble friend away & try
With gags of barley hay to stop his din,
While some less kind with cudgels
plied his skin.
One day with patience overmatched at last,
Gorgonio the tardy sentence passed



Of banishment, & Balaam straight was sent
To fields afar, but each day to him went
The faithful Tony, bearing to him there
The kitchen's scraps to help his
straitened fare:
But Saturdays so long his fires must burn
That oft times midnight saw his late return.
And since late hours he was not wont to keep
At Sunday service he would fall asleep.
And, being fat, snore in that sacred place.
So that he soon was deeply in disgrace.
Gorgonio by such wickedness dismayed
First gently chided then sharp penance laid-
Fearing the Devil had him in the thrall
Of drunkenness or gluttony, tried all
Persuasive powers his confidence to win.
That he might know & rid him of his sin:
But Tony, lest more evil should befall
His poor friend Balaam, still with stood them all.

The Mission Mass

It is the feast of the Beheaded John.
The old adobe church, so high & long.
Is crowded to the doors with mighty throng
Of Indian converts, whom the
lights upon



The altars blazing, in rich silver set.
Half dazzle with their unaccustomed glare.
They from far plains & mountain vales are there
And many for first time in church are met,
Nor understand the half of what they see.
From the far gallery comes a solemn noise
Of flutes & violins & chanting boys
That deepens still the maze of mystery.
And clad in vestments, stiff with beaten gold,
With jeweled crosses, stoles of precious lace,
At the high altar priests now take their place;
While clouds of incense to the roof are rolled,
They chant the sonorous measures of the Mass.
The people kneel down on the
tile paved floor,
And when the 'Host' is lifted 'beneath them o'er'
As bows before the wind the prairie grass,
Then raise again their wonder lighted eyes
Above the altar, where on high they see
The painted Christ upon the dreadful tree-
The White Man's God-who there before them
dies..

Gorgonio from the altar marked
with wrath,
Some heedless urchins turn aside & laugh,
And seeking cause, saw Tony fast asleep;
But even as he looked, heard summons deep,
The voice of Balaam just outside the door;
And Tony, wakened by the well loved roar
Answered aloud, at which the out raged priest
Cried, "Satan have both man & cursed beast!"
Forth Tony rushed, nor dared he hope to win
Absolvence from so great & deadly sin
For Balaam; so before the Mass was said
Into the wild with his belov'd he fled.
When long search failed their death
was feared, or worse.
And heads wagged slow remembering the curse.
Gorgonio mourned, despite the truant's sin,
And for his cookings lack grew woful thin.

The Wilderness
A storm wind sweeping through the Pass
Unleaves the trees,
lays low the grass,
And drives the intermittent rain
In blinding gusts across the plain.

 **N**or heeds a traveler's distress,
Who dares alone the wilderness.

Gorgonio is on his way

To carry from San Luis Rey

Cordials & food to sick monk's bed,

Who lies in camp at Arrowhead.

Companions are by chance delayed:

Two fallen ill, to nurse one stayed.

His burro bolted with her pack

Eight hours ago; now night falls black.

The Santa Ana's ford is lost,

Nor may the flood be safely crossed.

Hungry & cold, far from the trail,

Patience with strength begin

to fail

As hope of supper in him dies

In sudden wrath the good man cries

"I'd swap with Satan in a trice

A good round month in Paradise

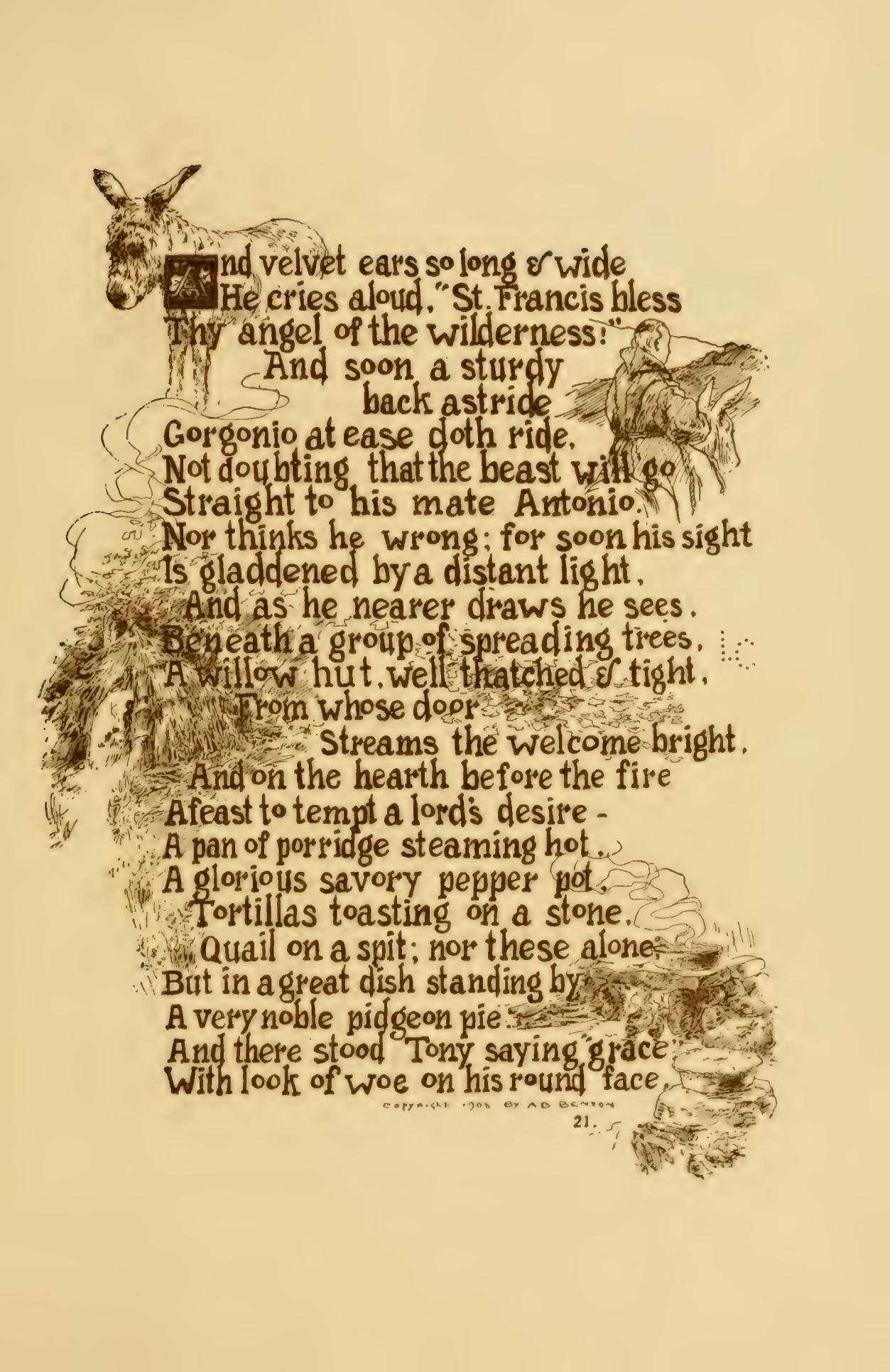
For one of Tony's pigeon pies!"

Then, that he might absolved be

From sinful thoughts, his rosary

He seeks, but as he tells his beads

A sound above the wind he heeds
A loud exultant blatant roar,
"Now sure the Devil vexes sore!
None but the fiend could here assay
A noise so like to Balaam's bray.
So thinks he; but again he hears,
And a faint hope creeps through his fears;
Uncertain should he stay or go
He mounts the pass of Rubidoux.
The voice still leading toward the east
As if a slowly traveling beast
Should halt to graze, move on, & bray.
Following, Gorgonio makes his way
Down sodden slopes, o'er miry plain,
And fast upon the sound doth gain,
Until before his straining eye
A shadowy form looms 'gainst the sky.
"Balaam", he calls, the shape stands still,
Then comes toward him; but until
His hands have grasped
, he cannot be
Assured this be not sorcery,
And when he feels the soft rough
hide



nd velvet ears so long & wide
He cries aloud, "St. Francis bless
Thy angel of the wilderness!"

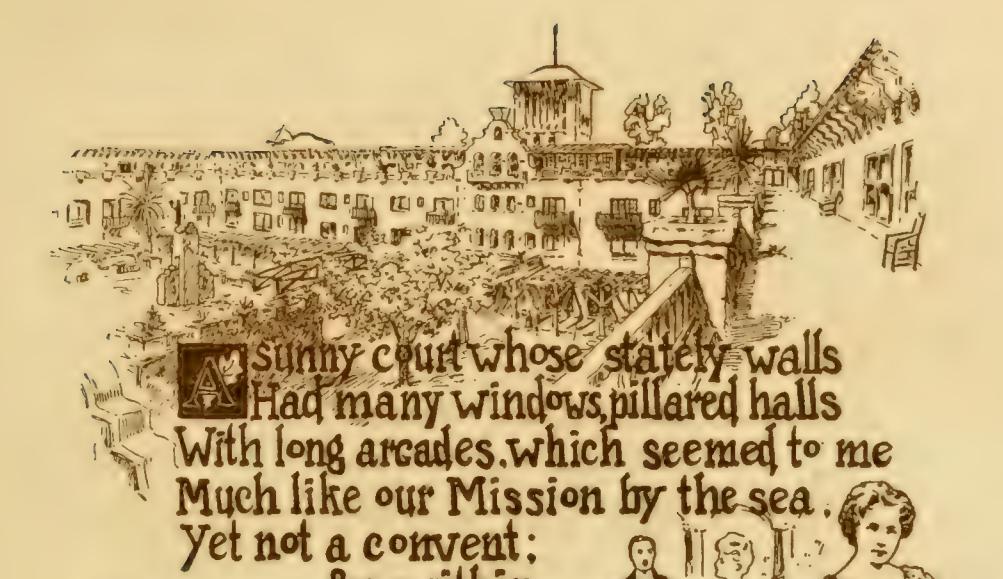
And soon a sturdy
back astride
Gorgonio at ease doth ride.
Not doubting, that the beast will go
Straight to his mate Antonio.
Nor thinks he wrong; for soon his sight
Is gladdened by a distant light.
And as he nearer draws he sees,
Beneath a group of spreading trees,
A willow hut, well thatched & tight,
From whose door
Streams the welcome bright.

And on the hearth before the fire
A feast to tempt a lord's desire -
A pan of porridge steaming hot,
A glorious savory pepper pot,
Tortillas toasting on a stone.
Quail on a spit; nor these alone,
But in a great dish standing by
A very noble pigeon pie.
And there stood Tony saying grace
With look of woe on his round face.

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For cooking ever brought to mind
The master dear he'd left behind.
Then Balaam brayed - how
strange such din
Such welcome guest should usher in!

Gone was the storm & mounting high
the morning sun rode up the sky.
"When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
O Laudes Domini!"
Loud sang Gorgonio, & soon
Antonio took up the tune
With heart & voice & mandolin.
Till Balaam long eared child of sin
In his deep baritone joined in,
But now got neither curse nor blow.
"That voice", said Fra Gorgonio,
With proper training soon might be
Gregorian in its melody.
Blest be the voice & blest the beast
And blest be Tony, for his feast
Such dreams brought to my bed last night
Still thrills my heart with their delight.
Upon this spot, I saw arise
What seemed an earthly paradise,

**A**sunny court whose stately walls
Had many windows, pillared halls
With long arcades, which seemed to me
Much like our Mission by the sea.
Yet not a convent:

for within

To harpsicord & violin

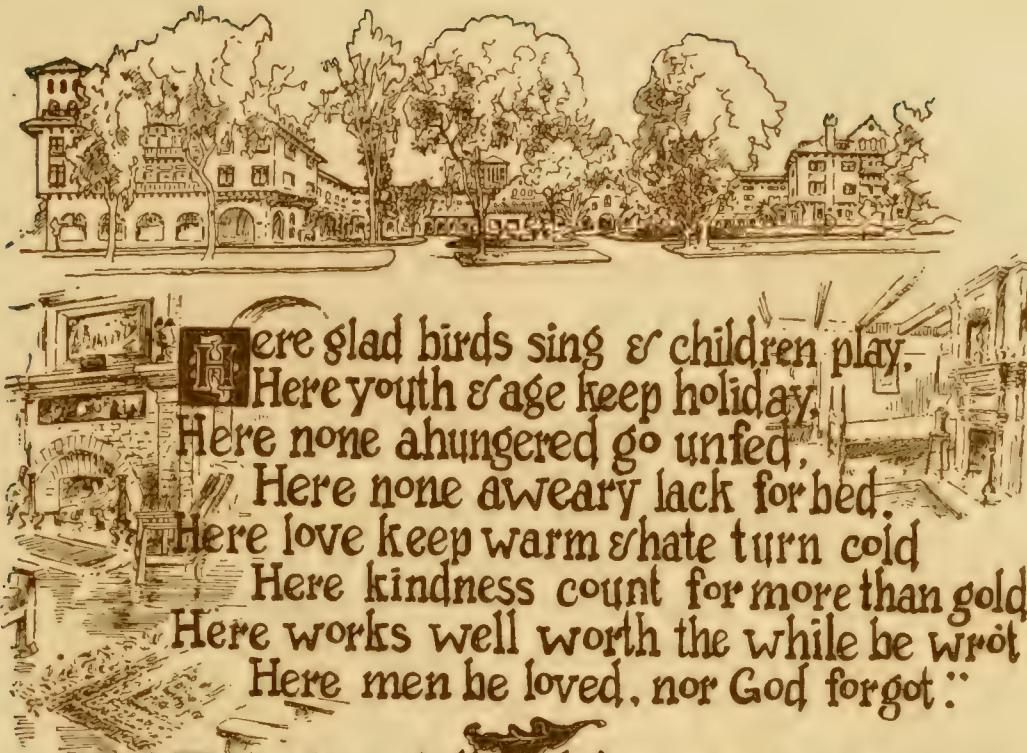
Young men & maidens kept the beat
With merry hearts & tireless feet,
And matrons lent maturer grace.
Still, there our Saints had honored place.
While children romped & birdlings sang.
From high o'er head there often rang
Our holy hymns from sweet toned chime:
And much I wondered at the time
There came no monks; for lift on high
The Cross shone clear against
the sky.

"Were there no cooks there?" Tony said.
"Yea cooks, & fires, & tables spread
With every sort of pleasant fare.
And many guests were dining there.
While, if my nose led not astray,
Tony, thy ghost cooked
there that day."

But the remembrance of last night
Sates not my morning appetite." Then Tony, "Come your Grace & see
Your breakfast spread beneath
the tree."

They went forth with & saw, & then,
"O that I now might eat for ten!" Gorgonio said; "now sure this place
Deserves more than a simple grace.
Of this great tree a shrine well make.
Of this good clay a part we'll take,
Make & set up an image there."

And consecrate with book & prayer.
Twas quickly done, but good to see
St. Francis with his rosary
Of acorns, & his canopy
Of tender leaves, & at his feet
The heaped up wild flowers fresh & sweet.
Then came the grace. "St. Francis bless,
Send all good spirits to possess
The soil, the trees, the flowers, the grass.
Squirrels that bide & birds that pass.
Here now where grows this goodly tree
May my fair dream fulfilled be. 24



Here glad birds sing & children play,
Here youth & age keep holiday,
Here none ahungered go unfed,
Here none aweary lack for bed,
Here love keep warm & hate turn cold,
Here kindness count for more than gold,
Here works well worth the while be wrót,
Here men be loved, nor God forgot:

Antonio's skill had done its best.
St. Francis was the honored guest.
Both bird & beast had welcome there,
Though Balaam had the lion's share,
Squirrels a goodly harvest made,
And little birds all undismayed
From the near branches
of the tree
Caroled their thankful minstrelsy.

At San Juan Mission by the sea
Long years served God acceptably.
Gorgonio, by serving men
His strength grew as the strength of ten.
Long years with fire, pot, & pan
Tony the cook, served God & man.

But never more by word or look
Came cloud between the monk & cook.
While Balaam fed on choicest hay.
Grew sleek & fat & ceased to bray.

Where of old time the Mission stood,
Where ruled Gorgonio the good.
And Tony plied his useful art.
In ruins lies the greater part.
And but for Egan's generous care
Much less would now
be standing there.

Where stood the hut in that wild land.
The Mission Inn stands fair & grand.
Decay had felled the goodly tree.
The image long had ceased to be.
When Miller came
one fateful day
And of the strong
adobe clay
Built him an house, nor ever guessed
The earth he handled had been blessed.
But they who dwelt beneath its roof
And their good guests had ample proof,
As year was added
unto year.





Some kindly ghost was dwelling here.
So spread abroad the Glenwood's name.
Came tens, then scores, then hundreds came:
Then he who as a lad had filled
The moulds with clay with which to build
His father's house, now dreamed that he
The builder of an Inn would be -
Like ancient mission hostelry,-
With every modern courtesy
Of builder's art for comfort's sake
Wherein the old time
Art should take
Thoughts backward to the restful time
Of California's maiden prime.
Then plans were drawn
& he who drew
Was one who well the Missions knew,
The noble church near San Juan Bay.
The arches of San Luis Rey,
The belfry at San Gabriel,
Could Pala's simple
beauties tell,
Knew San Fernando's
grand arcade.

Had learned how all their works were made
From vaulted roof to window grills;
Knew too that where from seven hills
Of old great builders
ruled the earth

The Mission arches had their birth,
And marveled that with sun dried clay
Padres could vie with such as they.

The plans were done, when
one whose grace

The Tavern made a royal place.
Begged the adobe we might spare.

So lines were changed to leave it there.

Did she who warded it from harm
Half guess that in it lay the charm?
So thus at length the dream came true.

The Inn was built, but neither knew
Dreamer nor architect, that they
The power of that old dust did sway.

But listen! from the peppers' limbs
I hear the songbirds Matin hymns,

I see the squirrels as they pass
In fearless frolic o'er the grass

And still at Angelus & Prime
Floats out the bells' melodious chime



From the great tower where meek
doves perch

Chanting the songs of Holy Church.

Here often mirth rings loud within

The spacious rooms. Harp, violin.

And song are heard; Through arches wide
The merry hearted dancers glide.

Often to feast are wont to meet

Men strong in Church & State, & sweet

Fair women; & good cheer has play

With speech & toast & repartee.

Here love grows warm as of old,

Kindness is valued more than gold,

And still above the banquet board

The Saints are keeping watch & ward.

Are these not marvels of their kind?

Where else their like may traveler find?

The waters of St. Catherine's well.

Not clearer are, than that the spell

Gorgonio worked so long ago

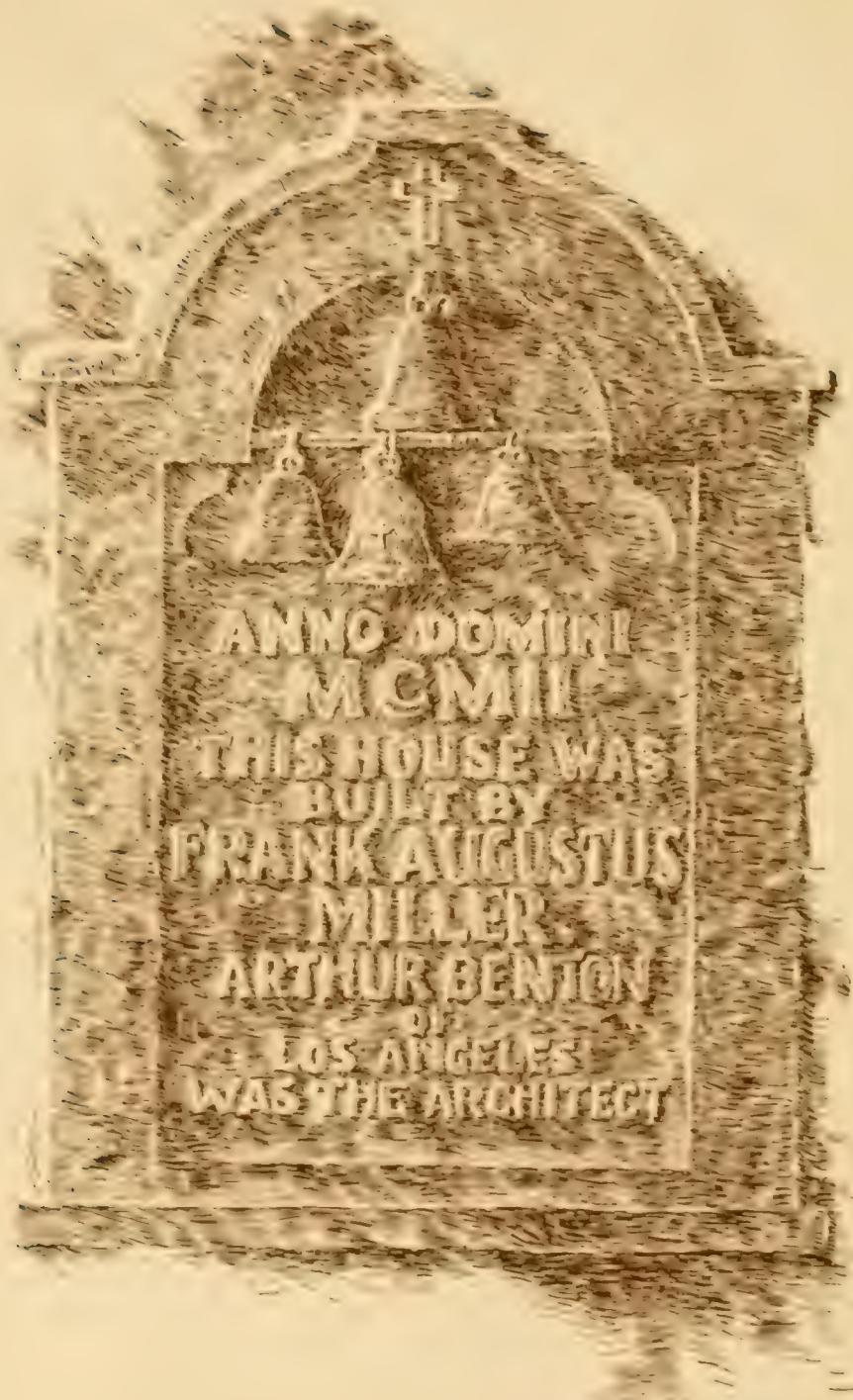
Overall this place its charm doth throw

And with the three fold grace doth bless

Of Beauty, Peace,

and Restfulness.

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